At the Confessional

By W. F. G. THACHER.

THICK wet mist had crept up from the channel and wrapt A from the channel and transthe noises of the streets and transformed the street lamps into ghastly blurs of yellow light, reflected dimly in the wet pavement. With the fog came a chill wind which nipped the bare toes of the newsboys, quickened the measured tread of the gendarmes and caused the few belated pedestrians to hasten homewards.

Within the great cathedral all was gloom and silence. It was deserted, save for a few miserables, who lingered more for the warmth and protection than from any motives of piety. The sacrificial candles twinkled with a lambent radiance which lent an uncanny aspect to the barbaric splendor of the altar, and served to exaggerate the impressive distances of the inte-

Before one of the confessionals a priest was standing, alone. His arms were folded on his breast and his head lowered in an attitude of meditation. He was a man of 30 or thereabouts, tall and massive, with fine patrician features, from which his ascetic life had not entirely erased the lines of youth and enthusiasm. As he stood there, enwrapt in reverie, his face bore an incongruous expression of brooding pain. It was as if a dead past had come to life and was clutching at his heart with cruel fingers-the past which had drawn him to the priesthood for refuge, and which even its stern consolation could not banish.

In a distant loft an organ sounded. dissipating the images of his reveries. His fingers touched his beads and he prayed swiftly.

Outside, the mist had settled into a chill drizzle, and the streets were rapidly being deserted. A brougham, conspicuous for its rich appointments, swept out of the current of vehicles and drew up in front of the cathedral. A liveried footman opened the door, and a woman veiled and garbed in a long coat stepped out and ascended the marble steps. Inside she noticed with satisfaction the almost deserted condition of the interior. Then she approached the solitary figure of the priest.

"Father," she said, in a low voice, but without hesitation, "I wish to confess to you. Will you hear me?"

The priest had involuntarily drawn the cowl over his face so as to conceal his features.

Surely, madame," he replied. "We will enter the confessional, if you please.'

their places, he sitting be rail, on which the woman rested her arms as she knelt before him.

"Begin, my child, and may God forgive you for your transgressions."

"I have no petty list of wrongdoings to confess to you, father," she began, "though there are enough of them, Heaven knows, but I wish to tell you the story of my life. I have never told it before, but I can no longer keep silence."

"You do well to come to me," the priest answered, mechanically. "May the Holy Virgin intercede for you."

"Years ago," she continued, "no matter how many, I was betrothed to a love with each other, and life seemed seion of a noble house, his father had of his youth. died and left his affairs in an embarrassed condition, and a feeble mother was dependent upon him for support. He was capable and willing to work, and his prospects were bright for an the old story. I was young and ambitious and impatient at the long waiting, and longed for luxury and social distinction, so when Baron de"-she checked herself suddenly-"when the man I afterwards married offered all these things-I was weak and foolish, and my father urged me-and so I accepted him-God forgive me!-and broke faith with my lover."

Her voice broke, and she paused a moment to gain her self-control.

"It is not so awful thus far, is it. come. Fabrice, my lo-what is it, fa- his soul. ther?"

The priest had uttered a half-suppressed cry.

"Nothing," he replied, hastily-"a slight cough. Proceed."

"My lover," she continued, "suddenly disappeared. It was thought that he had committed suicide, but his body was never found. Then his poor mother-he was her idol-died of grief. See soon swallowed up in the eddy of street what sorrow and suffering my folly has brought about.

"It did not take long for me to discover my mistake-but it was too late. I had bound myself to a man I could a holy triumph.—Pacific Monthly. never love; my chance for happiness was lost forever. And I have suffered-God knows how much. Not a minute since I first realized the awfulness of my sin but I have endured every agony. Even in my dreams my lost Fabrice comes to me and reproaches me for my faithlessness.

"Ah! I have done penance, father. I would a thousand times rather be dead than suffer as I do. At first I used to ery my eyes out, but the consolation of tears has long been denied me; and even time has failed to alleviate my

ful little story, is it not? I hardly know offended yo'. why I came to you. It was only an impulse-but I have no one to confide in. but I doan' low dem to greak; me

With the exception of the slight interruption at the name "Fabrice," the priest had remained mute throughout the recital; but it was a silence born of a feeling too intense for utterance. The first intonation of the woman's voice had thrilled and dazed him. At first he discredited his senses; but luck in the flery furnace of the Lakeslowly and painfully the fact forced itself upon him that he was listening to the drama of his own life-that the woman kneeling before him was she that establishment, and her fairy touch for whom, nearly ten years ago, he has metamorphosed them into young had renounced the life of pleasure and men of fashion, means and aspirations. ambition and sought the seclusion of the priesthood, and whose face he his social triumph when he received aunever expected to look upon again.

And now an inscrutable fate had

brought her to him, and he had heard

him, and loved him yet. Like one in a trance he went through the formula of absolution; and not until she rose to leave the chapel did he come to himself. Then the full significance of the situation flashed upon him, and with it the alternatives; should he let her go unspoken and live on as he had, or should he speak to her and reawaken in his heart the pores old struggle which he had sought so long to quell?

But, no-there was no choice. The mischief had already been done, and he must speak to her, come what may. He followed her from the confessional and spoke her name, "Emilie." She turned quickly, and, lifting her veil. looked him full in the face.

"Good God!" she gasped. "It is you -Fabrice!" Her face went white, and she reeled slightly, one hand extended. as if to ward off a threatening horror.
"Yes, it is I-Fabrice." He grew more self-contained as he saw her agi-

"But-but I thought you dead-ten years ago." She passed her hand over her eyes, as if to clear away the mystery that impended.

"No, there is no mistake. It is I, the man whose life you tried to ruin, whom you - but pardon - I have no reproaches-now. I have, through the grace of God, both forgiven and forgotten

"But tell me, Emelie." He went close to her and looked deep into her eves. wide with awe. "Tell me, is it true, what you said-you loved me, and not this other man?"

Her eyes dropped before his and she turned half away-then, with an impatient gesture, she faced him and spoke mpassionately.

"True, yes, every word of it is true. God knows I loved you then-and-love vou-vet.'

A new light had illuminated her eyes, the light of yearning love, and the hope of happiness. "And you, Fabrice," she said, softly,

'have you forgotten?" "Forgotten?" He replied confusedly.

Why-I hardly know-it is so longten long years.' "Yes, it is long," she answered, eagerly, "but true love knows no time. Ah,

yet be happy?" "But your husband-he is living,

"Yes, but he is a broken-down old man now, and we have never loved each other. Such a union as ours is not true marriage-besides, a separation may

be easily arranged-I am rich-" "But it is impossible. No, no! How can you tempt me! Think-I am a priest-my vows-"

"What does it matter? You took them because you thought you had lost me. Now, see! I give myself to you."

As she spoke she threw back her long mantle and slowly held out her young man. We were very much in arms to him. She was doing all in her woman's power to win him to her. Her full of bliss for us. We were not to. half-pursed lips, her lustrous eyes, her be married until my lover's fortune outstretched arms, every line of her was assured, for although he was a figure was wooing him back to the love other.

The man fairly writhed under the agony of the conflict that was rife within him. On the one hand lay the world, pleasures, love, life, all that he had schooled himself to despise. On honorable career; but—ah, well, it is the other hand, the church, duty, and "that peace which passeth understanding." In the midst of the struggle there came from a distant alcove the intonation of a mighty organ and a boy choir singing a "Te Deum." Ashe heard, the crisis seemed to resolve itself-the way was clear before his feet. The hollow world and its life of tinse and vanity lost its glamour. And the woman-who was she with her shallow beauty and slender passion to tempt him from his duty? She seemed to shrink and shrivel away from him. It father? But the terrible part is to was as if a great light had been let into

With the decision a look of holy calm came into his face. The woman saw it, and knew that she had lost. With a choking sob she stooped and kissed his hand, then drew her cloak about her and swiftly left the cathedral. There was the click of a closing door, a word of command, and then the rattle of the vehicle, and the hoofbeats, which were

Within, the priest stood before the figure of the dying Christ, his hands clasped and his face transfigured with

Must Recover.

Flaherty-Oi hear Monahan's taken bad. Corrigan-He is so, an' if he ain't

well be St. Patrick's day he'll die o' "Phwat's the matther wid him? "He has the yellow jaunders."-Philadelphia Record.

She Drew the Line.

He---Won't yo' make up dat quarrel, Miss Black, an' 'low me to escoht yo' home? Yo's too good a chu'ch "Well, father, that is all. It is a piti- membah not to fo'gib dem what has

She-I fo'gib dem, Mistah Johnson, home.-Judge.

LABORERS BECOME RICH.

Two Men at Lakewood, N. J., Find Their Prospects in Life Changed by Coming Into Fortunes.

There must be some sort of subtle wood, N. J., hotel's heating and lighting plant. Fortune has smiled benignly upon two coal-begrimed toilers in "Garry" Estell, one of the firemen, had thentic information that he had fallen heir to \$35,000. The consequent sensation of "Garry's" set had from her own lips that she had loved not abated when, on the very next day, Antonio Manges, a coal passer, received word through a Newark attorney that his lamented aunt had left him a legacy of \$12,500. Both Garry and Tony wisely verified the information before doffing their overalls. Then they tendered their resignations and began a course of treatment with sand soap to get the coal grime out of their

Estell expects to buy a farm in eastern New Jersey and settle down to the gentle life of a country squire. A charming little woman who has patiently waited for Garry's luck to change will accompany him to the farm as Mrs. Estell.

Antonio Manges, the coal passer, though his windfall is not so large, has almost eclipsed Estell. To Tony the \$12,500 handed over to him the other lay seems an independent fortune. Until Wednesday he had been reasonably content with his wage of \$1 a day, but now he has developed sartorial ambitions and proceeded to gratify his tastes. His first act was to hurry to the village and buy a pair of patent leather shoes. He is going to Pasadena, Cal., wher he has relatives.

WEDS MOTHER'S HUSBAND.

Young Woman Visiting in California Makes Matrimonial Alliance Which Has Peculiar Features.

A strange romance in the lives of James H. Nichols and his wife, Amanda, has just been made known at Mount Gilead, O. Thirty-five years ago the two were married. After living together three years his wife left Nichols because of his alleged mistreatment of her. Being discouraged, and feeling that reconciliation with her was impossible, Nichols went west and located in the mining regions of California, to begin life anew. Several years later his wife saw his name in a list of killed in a mining accident in California.

Believing Nichols dead, and having met another man with whom she fell in love, she was again married. Her second husband was Richard Vancouver, a wealthy manufacturer. A daughter was born to them. Twenty-Inside the little chapel they took Fabrice," her voice was vibrant with five years passed away and this daughpleading, "is it too late? May we not | ter had grown to womanhood. Mr. | two bottles I found myself very much Vancouver had a brother living in Los Angeles, Cal., and having some important business to attend to there he went to Los Angeles, his daughter accompanying him. After looking into his business interests Vancouver returned, leaving his daughter Sarah to visit with her uncle during | will be speedily effected." the winter.

Just before Christmas Sarah became acquainted with James H. Nichols, her mother's former husband, who had become a wealthy mine owner. The two fell in love and were married, neither knowing of the peculiar circumstances attached to the wedding until a few years later. When Mrs. Nichols' parents went to visit at their daughter's home the girl's mother and her husband recognized each

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Cincinnati, March 1. CATTLE—Common . 2 50 @ 4 15 Choice steers 5 75 @ 6 15 CALVES-Extra HOGS-Ch. packers..5 30 Mixed packers 6 00 SHEEP—Extra 5 10 LAMBS—Extra 6 15 FLOUR-Spring pat. 3 95 @ 4 20 WHEAT-No. 2 red. 87 CORN-No. 2 mixed. 62 OATS-No. 2 mixed. @ 461 RYE—No. 2 HAY—Ch. timothy ... 641 @13 25 PORK-Family @15 20 LARD-Steam @ 9 071/ BUTTER-Ch. dairy. Choice creamery .. APPLES-Choice ... 5 00 @ 5 50 POTATOES 2 65 @ 2 75 Sweet potatoes ... 4 00 @ 4 50 TOBACCO-New ... 5 20 @23 25 Old 5 70 @14 25 Chicago.

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FLOUR-Win. patent 3 85 WHEAT-No. 2 red. 871 CORN-No. 2 mixed. 70 OATS-No. 2 mixed. 501 RYE-Western 661/4 PORK-Family15 50 @16 50 LARD-Steam @ 9 70

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SISTERSOFCHARITY

RELY ON PE-RU-NA TO FIGHT

LOCATED IN THE Four Interesting Letters From

Catholic Institutions.

In every country of the civilized world the Sisters of Charity are known. Not only do they minister to the spiritual and intellectual needs of the THE charges committed to their care, but they also minister SISTERS to their bodily needs. GOOD

With so many children WORK. to take care of and to protect from climate and disease, these wise and prudent sisters have found Peruna a never-failing safeguard.

A letter recently received by Dr. Hartman from the Ursuline Sisters of Cleveland, Ohio reads as follows

"We have lately given Peruna a trial, for though the medicine was not new to us, we had not tried it sufficiently to testify to its

valuable remedy for catarrhal affections of the throat. We have recommended it to our friends and have good reports from them as to its merits." Yours respectfully, URSULINE SISTERS.



from Catholic Sisters all over the United States. A recommend recently received from a Catholic institution in the Southwest reads as follows:

A Prominent Mother Superior Says: "I can testify from experience to the efficiency of Peruna as one of the very best medicines, and it gives me pleasure to add my praise to that of thousands who have used it. For years I suffered with catarrh of the stomach. all remedies proving valueless for re-lief. Last spring I went to Colorado, hoping to be benefited by a change of climate and while there a friend advised me to try Peruna. After using and ston improved. The remains of my old disease being now so slight, I consider myself cured, yet for a while I intend to continue the use of Peruna. I am now treating another patient with your medicine. She has been sick with malaria and troubled with leucorrheea. I have not a doubt that a cure

SISTERS OF CHARITY

All Over United States Use Pe-ru-na for Catarrh.

From a Catholic Institution in Central Ohio comes the following recommend from the Sister Superior:

No Alternative.

"Tell this jury, sir, why you lead such a worse than useless life." "The explanation is simple. I am too proud to work and too honest to become a lawyer."—Detroit Free Press.

Maternal Love. Mrs. Mulligan-And so you have no

mother now Motherless Boy-No, mum. "Well, me boy, whenever you feel the want for a good thrashing come to me and I'll be a mother to you."—Tit-Bits.

No Immediateness. He—Do you believe in love in a cottage?
She—No, indeed, I don't.
"How about love in a palace?"
"Oh, George, this is so sudden!"
"Well, it won't be—if we've got to wait
fill I can earn the palace."—Smart Set.

Kept on Talking. Hook-What has become of that office

boy of yours who used to take everything he could lay his hands on?

Nyc-He's in the Municipal hospital—took smallpox.—Philadelphia Record.

The Christian Globe says:—"A man employed at Central Fish Market was for three years helpless with Rheumatism, and after having been sent to three different horpitals, was declared incurable. After four days use of ST. JACOBS OIL he could use his arm without pain. Continuing the use of it, all pain, swelling, and stiffness disappeared. He is now cured and at work."

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"We began to use it and experienced such wonderful results that since then Peruna has become our favorite medicine for influenza, catarrh, cold cough and broachitis." Another recommend from a Catholic institution of one of the Central States written by the Sister Superior reads as

""A number of years ago our attention was called to Dr. Hartman's Peruna, and since then we have used it with wonderful results for grip, coughs, colds and catarrhal diseases of the head

"For grip and winter catarrh especially it has been of great service to the inmates of this institution."

These are samples of letters received by Dr. Hartman from the various orders of Catholic Sisters throughout the United States.

The names and addresses to these letters have been withheld from respect to the Sisters but will be furnished upon request.

One-half of the diseases which afflict mankind are due to some catarrhal derangement of the mucous membrane lining some organ or passage of immediately upon the congested mu- Ohio.

mal state, would consequently cure all these diseases. Catarrh is catarrh wherever located, whether it be in the head, throat, lungs, stomach, kidneys, or pelvic organs. A remedy that will cure it in one location will cure it in all locations.

Peruna is such a remedy. The Sisters of Charity know this. When catarrhal diseases make their appearance they are not disconcerted, but know exactly what remedy to use. These wise and prudent Sisters have found Peruna a never-failing safeguard. They realize that when a disease is of catarrhal nature, Peruna is the remedy. Dyspepsia and female weakness are considered by many to be entirely different diseases-that dyspepsia is catarrh of the stomach and female weakness is due to catarrh of the pelvic organs the Sisters are fully aware, consequently Peruna is their remedy in both these very common and annoying diseases.

If you do not receive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case. and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

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